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THE NEW

March 27, 1965, 35 cents

REPUBLIC

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from
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LBJ's Best

★ President Johnson's March 15 civil rights speech to Congress was the best we ever heard him give. We shall always like him better because he made it. In his fourth sentence he compared Selma to "Lexington and Concord." "Oh, boy," we said quietly.

Mr. Johnson's chief handicap is a feeling that he is insincere, a "wheeler-dealer." He sometimes has a self-conscious smirk that reminds you of political manipulation. There was none of that this time. He spoke slowly, quietly, with a powerful evangelical passion completely under control.

The greatness of a Presidential speech is not normally in saying something new. It is in articulating something that is already there, in people's hearts. People hear it and say, "Yes, that is right; that is what I think." Lincoln did that at Gettysburg, when he quietly explained to humble people why the awful war was worth its cost.

In different circumstances, Johnson did the same thing when he said "it is wrong, deadly wrong" to withhold political rights. It took guts to come out and say "the real hero of the struggle is the American Negro." (Think how that will lift the chins of an abused race!) He adopted the Freedom Song phrase, "We shall overcome." In any estimate of this tense and complex President we must always remember that one side of him is sentimental and emotional, with a religious conscience that can be outraged.

Possible results of the speech: Johnson's political leadership seemed to falter; now he has got back to the head of the procession. The speech, perhaps, may reduce tension. If Congress acts

promptly (as we expect it will) some urgency may decline, and the battle can move off the streets into the courts. . . . And reading over what we have just written we feel we should add, the speech was splendid, and about 10 minutes too long.

A queer fellow in Congress is Rep. Glenn Andrews, representing Selma, one of the seven freshmen Republicans elected from the South in 1964. Down at Baton Rouge last week, GOP chairman Dean Burch denied that civil rights helped elect The Seven. Rather than believe that, he told his audience emotionally, he would wish them out of Congress!

And here is Andrews' comments on Selma: "The Alabama folks have reached the limit of their patience; rougher measures seem to be required." He praised Sheriff Jim Clark for doing "a beautiful job."

Most pointed story we read from Selma was in the *Washington Star*, and told how visiting ministers, accompanied by Negroes, were refused admission to Sunday services after the death of the Rev. James Reeb. Four Protestant churches, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist and Methodist, bitterly refused them. The Rev. Morris Samuel, white, Episcopal, Los Angeles, observed quietly, "Jesus is locked up." The *Star* article added that Negroes and out-of-town clergymen attended both the Catholic churches in Selma: "No segregation policy is practiced at either of the Catholic churches. . . ."

Queer Story

★ A poisonous piece of right-wing propaganda has been published at taxpayers' expense. It will delight John Birchers, and H. L. Hunt's *Life Line*, for months. It makes a queer story. FDR's Treasury Secretary Morgenthau kept extensive stenotype records. He gave them to the government.

The Communist-hunting Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, under Jim Eastland (D, Miss.) and Tom Dodd (D, Conn.), has been culling them over. Morgenthau's assistant, the late Harry Dexter White, had dubious left-wing connections. On the unproved allegation that White was a Communist the committee builds a dream world of

plots and conspiracy.

The latest Morgenthau chunk (1,699 pages) deals with China. The "Diary" itself is undigested and unreadable. All the better. Simple people will never look at it. All they will know will be the horrendous foreword, backed up, they will whisper, by the diary, actually printed as an official document by the US government.

Who wrote the 18-page foreword? Eastland got Anthony Kubek, chairman, history department of the University of Dallas—a small, new, right-wing Catholic college. Its president, till recently, was Robert Morris, whom you remember as the radical rightist who came in third trying to beat Senator Clifford P. Case (R, N.J.), and again third in trying to beat Ralph Yarborough (D, Texas). He used to be counsel of Eastland's subcommittee.

Kubek is a simplistic, Clarence Manion-type, with half a dozen connections with non-taxpaying rightist organizations. (Introduction to one of Kubek's pamphlets was by the late Charles C. Tansill, who was dropped by American University after an outspoken defense of Hitler and the Nazis.)

Everybody Is Suspect

★ Villain of this new Kubek exposure (which you and I as taxpayers have helped print) are the bureaucrats. "The diaries show White joining with other bureaucrats, to encircle Mr. Roosevelt." By dragging his feet, bureaucrat White held up a \$500 million US loan to Chiang Kai-shek. Result?—Chiang's currency collapsed, and the Reds triumphed. Each of White's moves seemed innocent by itself, Kubek admits, "but taken together, his acts are clearly an attempt to wreck the Chinese money."

Everybody is suspect in Kubek's world: the press, the *NYTimes*, the National Security Council, "the British bureaucrat, Lord Keynes," and even that statistical innocent, the input-output economic theory. He tries to be broadminded: "The Senate, no doubt, should be forgiven for having confirmed so distinguished a man as [Gen. George C.] Marshall." But because of slips like that and plotters like White "we lost a quarter of the human race to Communism."

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A Continuing Battle

Like John F. Kennedy two years ago, in the spring of Birmingham, Lyndon Johnson on Monday night embraced the Negro protest movement. And like Kennedy before him, President Johnson spoke with passion and genuine eloquence. It was a moving performance. Such vibrant Presidential commitments are in themselves historic events. Whatever their immediate concrete result, they affect the outlook of our people and set the direction of national politics.

Having asked for a new voting rights bill, Mr. Johnson said: "But even if we pass this bill, the battle will not be over. What happened in Selma is part of a far larger movement which reaches into every section and state of America. It is the effort of American Negroes to secure for themselves the full blessings of American life. Their cause must be our cause too. It is not just Negroes, but all of us, who must overcome the crippling legacy of bigotry and injustice." And then Mr. Johnson added, in the very words that have been flung in the faces of the Sheriff Jim Clarks of the South: "We shall overcome." We have not ceased to live by symbols, and it signifies a very great deal in American life, and for the fulfillment at this time of the promise of American life, that the President of the United States spoke this famous chant to a receptive joint session of the Congress.

Mr. Johnson did not fail - as a Chief Executive cannot fail - to deplore any recourse to violence and to call for respect for law. "We seek peace," he said, "order and unity." But, again like President Kennedy before him, he was not afraid to say also that: "We will not accept the peace of stifled rights, the order imposed by fear, the unity that stifles protest. For peace cannot be purchased at the cost of liberty." He defended by implication his failure so far to send federal troops or marshals to Alabama, where, on the day after he spoke, a mounted posse again rode into a crowd of Negroes swinging clubs and whips, this time in Montgomery. He called American history to witness that reconstruction by federal force is not likely to achieve enduring progress, and that is true enough. After the marshals had gone, the President said, "The people of Selma must still live and work together." And their work together alone can be the basis of lasting change. But in fact nobody demanded of the President that he occupy Selma for any appreciable period of time. He was asked only to send an *ad hoc* expedition now, for the moment of crisis. The experience of Little Rock in 1957, of Alabama itself in 1961, and of Mississippi in 1962 demonstrates that the shock treatment ad-

ministered by such *ad hoc* federal force does have beneficial effects. And of course, it saves lives and for a season sees justice done. At any rate, the President did not forswear the use of force where necessary, and that is encouraging, for the necessity may yet arise in the next few weeks in Alabama.

The heart of the Administration's new voting rights bill is a provision for the appointment by the Civil Service Commission, at the request of the Attorney General, of federal voting registrars in the Southern black belt, where voting discrimination is entrenched as in Selma. Such a provision, as many observers have long argued, offers the only chance of a breakthrough. It cuts across the resistance of the few strategically located segregationist federal judges in the South, it avoids placing a burden on other judges that most of them have found unsupportable, and it brings recalcitrant Southern officials face to face with the real locus of continuously effective federal power, which is the executive rather than the judiciary. And yet the millennium is not just around the corner. For at least a year or so, the new act is likely to be enmeshed in litigation. When it begins to work in earnest, it will

have to be backed up by the most enormous of efforts to overcome apathy in the Negro community and achieve the registration of significant numbers. And even then it will be found that political power is not enough by itself to change the structure of society, at least not quickly. It is as important, therefore, that President Johnson endorse, albeit in necessarily vague terms, the total aspirations of the Negro protest movement, and accept its demonstrations as a proper means of pressing those aspirations—this is at least as important as the President's commitment to a new departure in endorsing the right to vote.

Berkeley's Civil War

The Berkeley campus of the University of California could hardly be more disrupted if it had been the target of the conscious left-wing plot that most of the state's conservatives have suspected since last fall. President Clark Kerr and acting chancellor Martin Meyerson agreed last week to a temporary withdrawal of their resignations, and officially there is a truce. But its circumstances reflect a state of affairs that at any other university would be regarded as total war.

Last fall, the students fought to change arbitrary, repressive (and possibly unconstitutional) campus rules which prevented them advocating and recruiting for political-action projects off the campus. Supported by the faculty, after a protracted struggle with the administration, they won their demands. On the campus, many felt that significant gains had been made, both in asserting political freedom and in reducing the long-standing alienation between students and faculty. But influential outsiders (powerful alumni groups, elements of the legislature, and some members of the appointed Board of Regents which has final responsibility for nearly every phase of university business) were shocked, not only by the sanction for political action directed at such targets as discrimination in nearby Oakland and San Francisco, but by the degeneration of "law and order" exemplified by the famous fracas last December, when state and local police arrested more than 800 students for sitting-in in the chief administration building on the campus.

These outsiders looked on with growing distrust as the administration made the concessions to students which it thought necessary to restore the campus to peace; and a handful of students marching about with placards containing the word which is an acronym for Freedom Under Clark Kerr generated sufficient political pressures to demand last week's resignations. On campus, the event was an isolated flare-up; neither students nor faculty defended the obscenity or thought the issue worth their serious attention. But in Sacra-



"... Little did I dream, when I became President, that I would go back to teaching school..."

mento, within the Regents, and among conservative groups there were more reverberations. When the administration failed to take immediate action to expel or discipline the students (a move which might have jeopardized the delicate chances for student-administration rapprochement firmly rooted in respect for regular, assured channels of discipline), these elements felt confirmed in their earlier suspicions that the campus was in the hands of anarchists and was rapidly going to hell. Even Clark Kerr seems temporarily to have taken this line, for he announced obscurely that his resignation (widely attributed to pressure from certain Regents for swift action against the students) was an attempt to prevent "the continuing and destructive degradation of freedom into license."

In the process of resigning, Kerr managed to offend the faculty, among whom his credentials as a liberal have fallen rather low. They rallied to him nonetheless, albeit uncertainly and with qualifications, for two reasons: to keep Martin Meyerson, whom they like, and to discourage the Regents, in their present mood, from installing as president someone who would be completely intolerable. ("Someone like Curtis LeMay is what we need around here," one disgruntled official mused last week; but it is widely recognized that such a person would produce massive disaffection among the students, and even substantial resignations from the faculty.)

Why some of the conservative Regents agreed to keeping Kerr and Meyerson for awhile is even more mysterious: they appear to have been held together in part by pressure from Governor Brown, an ex-officio member of the Board, who is now desperately trying to keep the University from disintegrating under his Democratic auspices. Only among the students, many of whom blame Kerr for many of the unsympathetic actions of last fall, did most attempts to muster active support fall flat. In this ambiguous situation it would be surprising if Kerr and Meyerson could stay in office very long. When they go, something of the hope that state-supported higher education can also be independent and great will go with them.

Best Since Bryce?

Washington bade farewell last week to Lord Harlech, who has served with such distinction as British ambassador since October, 1961. Probably no British ambassador has had such impact here since Bryce (1907-13). While his long and close friendship with John F. Kennedy no doubt prompted his appointment, David Ormsby Gore had solid credentials of his own as a progressive Tory member of Parliament and a Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. In Washington his intel-

ligence, judgment and candor had quiet influence on everyone, from the President to the doubters of the press.

Ambassador Harlech was a leader among those in Washington and London – often in the minority – who sought continuously for reasonable opportunities to lessen tensions with Soviet Russia. He was a voice for moderation and restraint in the tangled problems of Southeast Asia. During the Cuban missile crisis, he argued persuasively for a timetable which would give the Kremlin the chance to contemplate its predicament and change its mind. Above all, his long experience as a negotiator in the test ban discussions in Geneva from 1958 to 1961 enabled him to play a critical role in helping to sustain the drive which resulted in the test ban treaty of 1963. If President Kennedy and Prime Minister Macmillan were able to overcome the skeptics in their governments and achieve the test ban, it was in part because Harlech's expert knowledge and resourceful argument reinforced their own strong belief that atmospheric testing had to be stopped. He showed that an ambassador can be at once a firm advocate of the interests of his own country and a true friend of the country to which he is accredited. He will be missed in Washington, and his friends here hope his great gifts will be put to good use in Great Britain in the years to come.

The Shadow of Peron

Impressive gains by Peronista parties in Argentina's congressional elections last week indicate that the deposed dictator's hold on the loyalties of the nation's working classes is strong as ever. When he fled Buenos Aires more than nine years ago, after plunging the country into economic chaos, Peron left his followers to sink or swim, and took refuge in Paraguay. But the passage of time and the ineptitude of succeeding military and civilian regimes have caused all of Peron's crimes and blunders to be forgotten by the inhabitants of Argentina's *villas miserias* (shantytowns). They remember only the demagogic appeals, the cheap and plentiful beef and the heady sense of power. Last week they gave the Union Popular (Peronista) Party 36 percent of the vote and tripled the number of its deputies in the national congress.

This will complicate President Arturo Illia's efforts to rebuild the shattered Argentine economy. Illia, a quiet, uninspiring country doctor-politician whose nickname is Señor Lentamente (Mr. Slowly), has intentionally done as little as possible during his 18 months in office, hoping that the potential wealth of the pampas will reassert itself. Excellent weather, big wheat crops and good prices for wheat, beef and wool

ended the foreign trade deficit and yielded exchange surpluses of \$400 million in 1963 and 1964. Argentina is paying off installments on her \$2.6 billion foreign debt on schedule. Unemployment has dropped slightly, and the fledgling textile, steel and automobile plants are edging up to capacity. In 1964 real wages rose a little for the first time in a decade, and the Gross National Product grew six percent.

But, as the election results emphasize, these gains mean nothing to the millions who live in tin and cardboard shacks on the outskirts of every Argentine city. The minimum wage of 9,800 pesos (\$65) a month for a single man buys less and less as inflation continues; the cost of living has gone up over 1,000 percent since Peron fell, and there are 500,000 unemployed in a nation of 21 million. Illia's much-touted Five Year Plan, supposed to go into effect last November, has not yet left the drawing boards. The national budget this year will have a \$1.2 billion deficit, with expenditures twice as high as revenue; the antiquated railroad system alone swallows \$400 million and grows older and more unsafe every year. The basically unhealthy state of the economy as a whole shows up in imports of food into one of the richest and least populated agricultural areas in the world: beef from Uruguay and Paraguay, potatoes from Holland, and thousands of crates of eggs from Ireland and Israel. Illia's policy is increasingly under fire from workers and businessmen alike.

Peking and Malcolm X

Malcolm X has been made a Chinese Communist martyr. "Long live US Negro leader Malcolm X," says a poetical eulogy in the party newspaper, the *People's Daily*, and continues:

The US ruling class gunned you down,
Thinking this would keep you quiet;
Instead, your message becomes more compelling,
Your voice echoes louder and longer,
And your glorious and powerful argument will last forever.

Peking attempts to use the incidents produced by the civil rights struggle as ammunition for its "anti-US imperialism" battle in Asia and Africa. The countries of these areas are almost without exception former colonies of white nations. Chinese propaganda plays on just the issues of race and foreign domination. "In the United States," Chairman Mao declares, "it is only the reactionary ruling circles among the whites who are opposing the Negro people," the same people "who are carrying out oppression, aggression and intimidation against the overwhelming majority of the nations and peoples of the world." And the Chinese say that "the murderers of Malcolm X are the same as those who murdered Patrice Lumumba of the Congo." The victim of a Black Muslim factional quarrel has his name inscribed in the mythology of World Revolution.

Diplomatic Logjam

Esprit Without a Corps at the Department of State

by Nathaniel McKitterick

"It is a commonplace that the Department of State does not function today, and has not functioned for many years, in an efficient fashion either at the policymaking level or at the management level."—JAMES ROWE and GEORGE V. ALLEN in a dissent to the Report on Foreign Affairs Personnel (Herter Report), December, 1962.

The State Department is in the throes of adjusting to the third Administration in five years. Washington rumormongers are waiting like vultures to pick at the

discarded carcasses of the Secretary of State and his politically appointed assistants, confident in the knowledge that no department of government suffers quite so much from changes in the White House. In no other departments do political appointments cut so deep into the quick of bureaucracy.

Since President Johnson's inauguration in January, a massive logjam of diplomatic appointments has piled up in the White House. On top of the ritual resignations of all ambassadors and other political appointees assigned to State, dozens of senior Foreign Service of-

ficers, who are supposed to be State's bureaucratic backbone at home and abroad, are suspended in limbo because their assignments depend on the designation of the political appointees. It normally takes about three years for State to recover from each of these games of musical chairs. For this reason, more than any other, State has become a focus of chronic pessimism in Washington.

The United States is the only great power today which has persistently refused to accord to professional diplomacy both continuity and high status in the formulation and conduct of policy. All recent Presidents and Secretaries of State have paid a high price for this refusal. All have been unnecessarily surprised by the actions and reactions of other governments, simply because the State Department has not been allowed to organize its professional bureaucracy to provide constant, timely and professional guidance to the Secretary of State. As a result of this critical shortcoming, State has gradually forfeited to others, the Pentagon usually, or the Central Intelligence Agency, or even at times agencies like the Peace Corps, its legitimate role in the formulation of policy in key areas.

President Kennedy learned of State's crippling ailment early in his term. In my judgment the still, small voice of indecision which characterized State's briefing of President Kennedy in advance of the Bay of Pigs disaster – a briefing which masked strong views held by some professional officers experienced in Latin American affairs – permanently poisoned relations between the Kennedy White House and the Kennedy State Department. State's role in Vietnam during the Kennedy years became one of playing the dinghy, dragged on behind the Pentagon's yawl. Even the most brilliant diplomatic success of the Kennedy years, the Cuban missile crisis, must be credited to the Secretary of Defense and his staff, not to the Secretary of State and his staff.

President Johnson, like President Kennedy, has experienced early the frustrations of dealing with State. Besides inheriting a dire problem in Vietnam in which the professional diplomats have been reduced to bit part players, Mr. Johnson found near paralysis in US Atlantic diplomacy, largely because State's political appointees had promoted the multilateral nuclear force, as if they were playing a broken record, long after it had lost its promise as a device for rallying our European allies. He found the United Nations brought to a complete halt, confronted with an impossible choice between saving Russia's face or that of the State Department, which had rashly promised the Congress that Russia would lose its vote if it did not pay part

of the UN's "anti-Communist" operation in the Congo.

The fault, let it be said, lies not so much in the personalities and abilities of the Secretary of State, or of his key subordinates or of the senior officers of the Foreign Service. Foreign Service officers are those most galled at having their legitimate role assumed by others. The fault lies in the system more than in the men who run it. Despite the tendency of the press to weave a kind of cult of personality around the conduct of foreign affairs – despite a similar tendency among vigilante groups in Congress and elsewhere who are constantly trying to indict the Secretary of State personally for not reordering current events to conform more with popular notions of what ought to be happening – the conduct of diplomacy can be no better than the institutional framework which supports it.

Where the Fault Lies

No government department can afford to get along without a well-organized professional bureaucracy, yet this is just the impossible handicap which State has been carrying since World War II. A strong-willed cabinet officer, like John Foster Dulles or Robert McNamara, can fashion a professional bureaucracy to suit his particular tastes, but this is at best a risky business. Dulles, however one views his diplomacy, tyrannized the State Department and left its administration at least as chaotic as he found it. McNamara has remade Defense in his own image, but it is no secret in Washington that many officials are worried about what will happen when he goes. The indispensable virtue of a well-organized professional bureaucracy is that it is to a large extent independent of the personal peculiarities of the politically appointed bosses. It can provide, as a routine, continuity and hard professional guidance for all kinds of political masters. Nobody can tell how many Bays of Pigs the United States has experienced because the Foreign Service has never been allowed to perform this function, but even one was too many.

The fault lies not in a shortage of McNamaras, but in a lack of consensus about what the role of the professional diplomat ought to be. The fault can be read most clearly in the pages of the numerous official reports, commissioned over the past 15 years, in an effort to bring some order out of the chaos of our foreign relations bureaucracy. The Wriston Report of 1954 and the Herter Report of 1962 are the most important ones; each hopelessly confuses the conduct of diplomacy as such with the various subdivisions of labor under diplomacy which have grown so important in the postwar world – foreign aid, information programs, economic services and so forth.

According to the Wriston and Herter Reports, the trouble with the Foreign Service was that it lacked

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"specialists," experts in "management" and "activists" or promoters. "The Foreign Service must . . . open its ranks to a larger number of people with a high degree of specialization in other than the general practice of diplomacy," said the Wriston Report. Foreign Affairs, said the Herter Report, "is a broad spectrum into which a number of professions . . . must be fitted." The trouble is a "lack of vigorous management" (Wriston); the need is "management specialists" (Herter). The Foreign Service should exhibit a more "dynamic" (Wriston) attitude toward the conduct of foreign affairs, "a zeal for creative accomplishment" (Herter).

All this fuzziness was justified in the name of getting the best man for the job. But what job? "However much importance we attach to aid programs and getting in touch with the people [in other countries]," wrote Ambassador "Chip" Bohlen after the Herter Report was released, ". . . the chief purpose of the diplomat is the transaction of business for his country with the government to which he is accredited. . . . The settlement of disputes . . . the ability to influence . . . these are the real businesses of diplomacy to which all other aspects are supporting and secondary." Within the State Department, the Ambassador might have added, the first business of the professional Foreign Service officer is to give the Secretary of State, and through him the President, as a matter of routine and without fear or favor, timely and expert analyses and guidance about what other governments are likely to do on their own or in reaction to US policy. All else is secondary.

The Wriston Report did achieve the necessary objective of giving the United States for the first time a unified diplomatic service at home and abroad by integrating several hundred State Department civil servants into the Foreign Service. The integration operation was carried out with great haste and ballooned the Service overnight from about 2,000 to about 4,000, or slightly larger than the Coast Guard. Post-operative shock in the Department was made worse by continu-

ing efforts from outside the Service to open its upper ranks to still more "lateral entry" candidates.

A Disturbing Trend

There has been a succession of 11 "administrators" in effective charge of the Service since the basic post-war legislation governing its personnel practices was passed in 1946. Ten have been "management specialists" with little or no experience in the various arts of diplomacy. (The Foreign Service does have a Director General, but he has no line or command duties; he is a figurehead.) While progress has been made toward reasserting the role of the professional ambassador or chief-of-mission abroad in the face of competition from the military, the aid agency, CIA and so forth, duty in the State Department has been so unrewarding professionally that many able officers avoid assignment in Washington whenever they can. There has been a disturbing trend toward early retirement in favor of other careers on the part of some of the most experienced senior officers. (Former ambassadors Merchant and Nolting are cases in point; both quit promising careers early to take up executive posts in business and finance.) At the same time the Department has chronic troubles finding suitable posts for other senior officers, some with brilliant records and others who were integrated into the Service with "specialties" but a lack of talent for diplomacy. Perhaps most serious of all, the Service is experiencing increasing difficulty holding on to some of the extremely promising junior officers recruited in recent years. These men bring to the Service a broader educational background than any recruits in the past. But will they stick with it?

One can only imagine what the Marine Corps would look like if its structure and personnel practices were modeled after those of the Foreign Service. The Commandant of the Corps, far from being a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, would have only ceremonial duties. The General Officers in charge at headquarters would have come up through the supply services or accounting office with no command experience or even indoctrination at Parris Island or Camp Lejeune. Thirty percent of all field commands (ambassadorships), including the most prized commands, would be given to political appointees from civilian life. Large numbers of colonels and majors would have entered the Corps at their present rank from civilian life, creating great uncertainty about promotions of regular captains and lieutenants. And the line between the commissioned officer and the non-com (the Foreign Service staff) would have completely broken down. It isn't surprising that the Foreign Service in Washington looks like an esprit in search of a corps.

The public administrators have had their fling at

COMING: *The US role
in Asia and the
"containment" of China
by Hans J. Morgenthau*

trying to improve matters. Now, surely, it is time to let the Foreign Service have a go at reforming itself. A start could be made by adopting a suggestion offered by Washington attorney James Rowe, now one of President Johnson's closest unofficial advisers, and former Ambassador George Allen in their dissent to the Herter Report. "We recommend," the two men wrote, "creation of the post of Permanent Undersecretary of State . . . to be filled by nomination of the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, from [a list of candidates from] the top echelon of the Foreign Service." This professional appointee would rank in line immediately below the Secretary of State and his non-professional Undersecretary. As senior officer in command of the Foreign Service, he would have a function analogous to the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. No one, Messrs. Rowe and Allen argued, would consider naming a civilian as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs; why not, then, a professional diplomat, experienced in the various skills of diplomacy, in charge of the Foreign Service and of the routine reporting and analytical work of the State Department? He could not be just an administrator for, as Messrs. Rowe and Allen were at pains to point out, it is folly to try to separate policy and administration at this level. He would be the head of the professional

bureaucracy in State, with tenure only at the President's pleasure. But, like the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, he would be a symbol of continuity and professionalism in the conduct of policy.

The effective conduct of modern diplomacy requires a formal command structure no less than the Marines do. Diplomacy, as a veteran officer observed to me recently, is a confining business. The professional diplomat can rarely pick and choose his own friends or move around at will. He has little or no spare time from his job. He spends a good part of his professional life away from his country, which fact rules out as potential recruits perhaps 95 percent or more of the trained manpower in this country. Despite the efforts of public administrators to prove the contrary, an effective career Foreign Service cannot be built on conventional civil service lines. The strength of the Service must come from its elite structure, from its own command over the elements of esprit de corps – recruiting, training, standard-setting, promotion and assignment. In short, only the Foreign Service can establish norms and duties for professional diplomats. The sooner the State Department adjusts to these facts, the sooner Presidents and Secretaries of State will get the kind of routine, professional diplomatic guidance which they deserve and desperately need in these times.

How To Cut Down on Pesticides

by James Ridgeway

The Agriculture Department, which often is sourly accused of helping the chemical companies dust the countryside with ever denser layers of pesticides, is well along with research that can bode very little good for the pesticide manufacturers.

Not long ago scientists at the department discovered that malathion, a commonly used and relatively safe pesticide, will kill more bugs if less of it is sprayed on crops. By making use of a new aerial spray technique, they were able to reduce the amount of pesticide in one attack on boll weevils by 97 percent, and met with excellent results in the process. It appears that spraying malathion in reduced amounts is effective in killing a variety of major crop pests. Of course, the new method means a sharp reduction in costs (as much as two-thirds) to farmers; and the chance of animals being made ill by chemical residues left on

plants is lessened by smaller malathion applications.

This is startling news, although the breakthrough that makes possible the ultra-low-volume spraying, as it is called, seems disarmingly simple. In the past small amounts of technical malathion, the pesticide concentrate, were mixed with water, then sprayed over the crops by airplanes. In 1962, experiments were begun with a new nozzle. The liquid concentrate itself was shot through a fine screen; the resulting delicate mist settled down evenly over the crops, which in this instance needed protection against grasshoppers. They were eradicated; and further experimenting proved that the planes could fly higher, which was safer, and in doing so the mist would come down over a wider area, saving time and reducing the cost.

Later the low-volume method was successfully used in cleaning out cereal leaf beetles in the Middle West.

In 1963, the common way of going after these bugs was to mix 16 ounces of malathion in a one-gallon water solution for every acre to be sprayed. By 1964, the dose was cut to 5.3 ounces of technical malathion, and results improved. Now, small doses of malathion are used effectively on the Texas High Plains where the Agriculture Department is fighting to hold back the boll weevil from its westward movement. Here, the pesticide is sprayed each fall to kill the weevils before they can hibernate, and to push them back far enough to set up a buffer zone between the infestation and the cotton. Before the introduction of malathion, a deadly pesticide, methyl parathion, was used to protect the cotton. Before it could be sprayed, a special plane equipped with a loudspeaker would fly on ahead of the spraying craft, and warn people out of the fields. Chemical manufacturers now are investigating to see whether the low-volume spray method might not be used with such pesticides as aldrin and dieldrin, highly toxic chlorinated hydrocarbons, which now kill fish and wildlife along with bugs.

Under the direction of Dr. E. F. Knipling, the Agriculture Department's entomology research division is working with a variety of other non-chemical means that hold out possibilities of doing away with a number of major crop pests. The scientists who work for this division, which received an increase in budget funds as part of the President's plan to step up work on pesticide research, are exceedingly, perhaps unnecessarily, dour about their studies. Each statement they make is prefaced by a warning that pesticides will be around for a long time. Nonetheless, they do grudgingly admit the research can have far-reaching effects.

Sterile Insects

Dr. Knipling himself laid the groundwork for a good part of this. He devised the technique of sterilizing screwworm flies, and thereby got rid of them from the Southeastern part of the country. The screwworm fly drops its eggs into the wounds of animals; they hatch into maggots which feast on live flesh, killing the animals. Livestock losses in the country amount to more than \$25 million a year because of the screwworm fly infestations.

In the late 1950's, the Agriculture Department began a screwworm fly factory in Florida where 50 million flies a week were raised under tender care, sterilized with radiation treatment, and then dispersed throughout the state by airplane. The sterile males sought out females and mated with them; the females laid infertile eggs, and within a year this method of birth control had wiped out the insects from Florida. The same mass production method is now used in the Southwest, where the government wants to cut off the influx of flies from Mexico by establishing a screw-

worm fly-free buffer zone between the two countries.

Radiation won't work with all species of insects, since the males of some types are left too weak by the treatment to vie successfully with untreated males for females. And to make the release of sterile males work, they must be put around at a time when the native population is low; with an infestation at full swing the sterile bugs would be overwhelmed.

Scientists can sterilize some insects by chemical means. They have isolated various attractants that can be synthetically made which will draw bugs into traps. Here, they either would touch or perhaps consume some sterilizing chemical, and then depart for a futile mating. Recently the Agriculture Department bred Mexican fruit flies which it then sterilized chemically. The pupa of the insect was dipped in a solution; when the bug emerged it walked across the pupa surface, and was sterilized. Great numbers of the sterile flies were released, to go through the mating process. In this manner, a buffer zone has been set up between Mexico and Southern California to keep the Mexican fruit fly from destroying the fruit in this country.

About half the money spent for pesticides in the US goes to kill cotton insects. Sterilization holds out some possibilities here; as does low-volume spraying of malathion. The Agriculture Department is working on several other tangents as well. Wild cotton is resistant to insects, and two of these resistant characteristics now can be bred into commercial varieties affording them protection against the bollworm and the tobacco bud worm, two of the worst threats to cotton. Wild cotton has no nectar producing glands, which in commercial varieties provides food for moths. Nor does wild cotton have epidermal hairs - which make a nice nesting place for the bugs to lay their eggs on other varieties of cotton.

Scientists are going after the boll weevil through another line of attack. They have isolated chemical substances in commercial varieties of cotton that attract the bug, repel it, and stimulate its feeding. Now they will try to incorporate larger amounts of the repellent in new strains while at the same time decreasing the amount of attractant and feeding stimulant.

Developing varieties of plants that resist insects takes a long time; the quickest way to kill bugs may turn out to be by spreading a plague among them. Scientists now can mass produce various viruses that will kill the bollworm and cabbage looper which feed on 40 different valuable vegetable plants. These are specific, that is, they won't affect other insects, and they are thought to be harmless to people. The Food and Drug Administration now is in the midst of tests to make sure that they can't harm people. When these tests are completed, perhaps within a year, the viruses will go into widespread use across millions of acres of land.

Yale's Tenure Trouble

by Norman S. Care

The lessons for junior academic men to be gained from the recent storm over a tenure decision at Yale are not, I think, rightly couched in the language of "publish or perish." To view it in these terms is to see Richard Bernstein, the 32-year-old Associate Professor of Philosophy who was involved, as less than he is, and to treat the point of the students' efforts as less than it was.

Bernstein is regarded by graduate and undergraduate students as an excellent and exciting teacher. He is the editor of an important quarterly in his field, has published some dozen of his own scholarly pieces, and edited volumes of Peirce and Dewey, and has in manuscript the major portion of a book on a large problem of philosophy. So the point that was protested could hardly have been merely that a good teacher but non-productive scholar was being denied tenure. There were complicated matters of university policy at stake.

A Tenure Appointments Committee in the Humanities, made up of senior faculty from different departments and headed by the Dean of the Graduate School, voted not to grant tenure to Bernstein. But it was quickly learned that the Department of Philosophy, which initiates any action regarding tenure for its members, had submitted a unanimous recommendation for tenure. Though the chairman later described it as "not unconditional," and though the department at the time it submitted its recommendation for tenure added the usual "agreement to abide" by the decision of the committee, one of the voting professors later suggested that in such a field as philosophy few men could have been more strongly endorsed than Bernstein was by the department. There immediately followed several days of student activities protesting the committee's decision.

It was the implausibility of a unanimous departmental recommendation for tenure, set beside a nearly unanimous committee decision against tenure, that perplexed the Yale public. Criteria for tenure obviously include a man's teaching prowess, the quantity and quality of his research, and his professional standing and promise. A memorandum describing these criteria was sent to faculty members, and it was taken by students to be the force of the department's recommendation that Bernstein satisfied them.

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Yale has had a history of unpopular tenure decisions over the past year or so, and the pump was well primed when the decision regarding Bernstein was announced. There was strong faculty support for the efforts of the students. But it was not until the last day of the planned demonstrations that junior members of the philosophy faculty joined the protest in near full force, though certain of them had been active from the start. And the policy of the Department of Philosophy, so far as it had one at this point, seemed to be simply to accept the decision.

The general caution on the part of the faculty is perhaps simply explained. Senior professors who had picked a hazardous path through a system never very precisely structured, and even those who had been brought in with tenure from posts elsewhere, might have been expected to adopt a conservative attitude toward the episode, and even to ignore an opportunity to press for reform. Non-tenured faculty perhaps sensed that they could not afford a too vigorous display of support for demonstrations critical of a system upon which their careers were fated to stand or fall anyway.

After several days of protest and discussion, the tenure committee announced its intention to meet "at a later date to decide whether new evidence has been received in the case of Mr. Richard Bernstein which would warrant reconsideration of its action." This response was due solely to responsible but vigorous student action on several fronts. The public demonstrations which drew the news-media involved chiefly a three-day, round-the-clock march on the campus, so that Professor Paul Weiss described the marchers as "peripatetic philosophers." In addition, the campus newspaper made clear, editorially and by publishing reams of statements and letters, the points of academic policy at stake. There appeared student testimonials, near-essays by faculty, expressions of concern from alumni, and statements from professors of philosophy at other schools. There were open forums at which faculty and students spoke, and constant inquiry in the form of undergraduate and graduate student delegations visited upon administration and faculty. Doubtless these activities contributed to the possible "new evidence" of which the committee's statement spoke.

On the weekend following the committee's announcement that it would consider whether to reconsider, the senior members of the Department of Phi-

losophy voted again, this time *not* to recommend tenure for Bernstein. The department's withdrawing its recommendation stopped the committee's reconsidering its decision, but it did not end discussion of the propriety of student demonstrations protesting faculty decisions and university policy. Conservatives objected that pressures brought to bear by students (or, as some had it, by the administration) were a "threat to constituted authority." But bringing pressure to bear for the sake of rectifying an error, or making clear why a certain decision is not an error, is not only appropriate but required, on a university campus as elsewhere, to ensure that constituted authority not be abused.

Aside from the legitimacy of student protest, the affair at Yale poses certain questions about the form of an academic career. In "publish or perish" contexts the junior scholar knows what he must do to earn the academic freedom and economic security which tenure represents. There is, of course, the evident danger that his teaching will suffer, rather than his research, since it is the latter which will earn him his place. It is nevertheless clear what the rules of the game are. But in other institutions – and the recent protest must cause Yale to wonder whether it is becoming one – the shape of an academic career is different. It is not an uncommon view that it is in the best interests of a university very concerned with graduate students and research to cultivate as large a roster of academic celebrities as the budget will allow. This view, once it gains currency among the senior members of a faculty, opens the door to a celebrity *policy* for university departments. The ideal becomes, in effect, a department of professionals with high ratings, performing for the chief aim of furthering research in their field.

The Consequences

To say that there exists such a system, or that it is coming to prevail at major universities, is not yet to say that it deserves praise or blame. But it is worth noting its consequences for junior members of a university faculty. One is likely to find departments containing large numbers of staff at top and bottom, with little between. Thus, a department of history in a large university might feature some 25 or 30 tenured professors, with a supporting cast of, say, one associate and two assistant professors, no instructors, and some 50 or more graduate teaching aides.

The chances of junior men moving through the ranks to a tenured post are often nil. On this system, when a tenure position is open, more than likely a department will elect to "bring in" an additional celebrity from another school rather than promote a junior scholar, in spite of the good teaching and

promising research of the local aspirant. What the junior scholar cannot provide are precisely the attributes of a star.

From this may be drawn a "lesson for education," in Henry Adams's phrase. It is that the terms of an academic career in a celebrity-oriented university are defined in such a way as to make virtually inapplicable the notion of "working one's way through the ranks." In short, it is not reasonable to suppose that one can earn tenure from within. The "publish or perish" game can be won, albeit at some expense to one's students. But the rules of the celebrity game largely preclude a junior scholar's winning at all. One might object that a scholar does not labor to earn tenure, but to gain a glimpse of the truth. But it remains that a junior scholar who is not independently wealthy requires, as a desirable condition of truth-seeking, a post in a university. This is especially so for those in the humanities. Add that young men often have wives, children and debts, and there ensues concern about a system under which a man cannot proceed by good works to a position of security or of freedom: for what the *promising* (as well as unpromising) young scholar is denied in this system is his academic freedom at an institution he may have served for five to 10 years. The consequence is a "hired hand" complex among junior scholars, plus the standard set of fruit-picking attitudes which accompany careers involving floating from place to place. One hears such phrases as "riding the circuit" and "being rotated," and constant stories about colleagues' prospects elsewhere.

The celebrity system does, however, bring with it certain pluses. Most universities in which the system prevails are comparatively exciting places to be. And the system itself affords the junior scholar a curious species of freedom – one generally lacking for those who must publish or perish. Since a member of the supporting cast at an institution in the grips of celebrity policy is in no real position to gain stardom in his home department, he is left pretty much alone. He tends to the students, does some research, has coffee with others of his kind, and occasionally nods to a celebrity in the hall. Perhaps he will send some research to a resident star for appraisal, and hope to receive a comment back in the campus mail. After a few years he will "move out," perhaps to an aspiring state university or liberal arts college, where he will dodge his students to concentrate on the research which will make him attractive enough to cause a department of celebrities to think him worth "bringing in." The results for the education of students may be very similar to those proceeding from the clearer "publish or perish" policy. The students do not win on either system, and it is not clear that research in the humanities does either.

Auto Buying Headaches

A Lesson in the High Cost of Borrowing

by John Osborne

The General Motors Acceptance Corporation and I have recently completed an interesting and, to me, instructive venture in cooperation. We have cooperated in the purchase of a Chevrolet and in my education. I now know enough about the loan business, automobile division, to perceive the trouble with "truth-in-lending" bills of the kind sponsored by Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois. The trouble with them is that it is impossible to comprehend, much less to convey, the truth about this sort of lending. This, in effect, is what spokesmen for the loan industry have said in thousands upon thousands of words at congressional hearings, and they are quite right.

Although I did not realize it at the time, my conversion to the industry view began on October 23, 1962, when I casually inspected and signed the GMAC "conditional sales contract" presented to me by a Chevrolet salesman in Washington. It seemed to set forth in clear and simple terms a good deal of the "truth in lending" that Senator Douglas was demanding. There were items marked "Principal Balance" (\$2,470.71), which I took to be the amount of the loan; "Finance Charge (\$407.13), which I read to mean "interest"; and "Time Price Balance" (\$2,877.84), obviously the total that I would be paying to GMAC in the next three years. A single, perfectly understandable sentence disposed of "Terms of Payment" ("The Time Balance is payable . . . in 36 installments of \$79.94 each, commencing December 7, 1962, and on the same day of each succeeding month thereafter. . . ."). Neither the word "interest" nor any reference to a rate of interest appeared in the contract, but I did not balk at the omission. There before my eyes was the figure labeled "Finance Charge," so much more forthright than a percentage. Any fool, I told myself, could determine the rate of interest by dividing the amount of the finance charge by the principal balance.

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The start of my active education, or awakening, may be dated 17 monthly payments later, in April of 1964, when my wife and I decided to apply \$800 in a lump sum to the car debt. I marked a check for this amount "to principal, Account 68053," sent along a separate check for the regular payment falling due at around that time, and asked in an accompanying note whether and how the remaining payments and the total of interest would be affected. I assumed that in reducing the principal we had saved a fair sum in interest, and I looked forward to being told how much it was.

On May 13, two weeks after the money and the inquiry had been mailed, a GMAC envelope arrived. Warmed by what I took to be a moderately prompt reply, I opened it and read the following: "As a matter of good business procedure it is our practice, from time to time, to verify the unpaid balances on our customers' accounts. Will you please, therefore, fill in the information called for below and return. . . ." The information called for below consisted of "Unpaid Balance," "date and amount of last remittance," and a signature. Reflecting that GMAC wanted to know what I wanted to know, I set this form letter aside and awaited some individual word. After another fortnight had passed without any, I fired off a rather curt request for a reply. After a week or so of continuing corporate silence, I appealed to the salesman who had sold us the car, recalling that he had then appeared to be chummy with GMAC. He made it evident that he considered my inquiry and impatience exceedingly odd. But he did intercede and I soon received a telephone call from a lady at GMAC. It developed that she had signed the form letter. She first rebuked me in a nice way for having failed to answer it, pointing out that a prepaid and addressed envelope had been provided. She then informed me that GMAC considered my \$800 to be the equivalent of 10 monthly payments, with a trifle over. She said that I might defer further payments until the 10 months had expired, or — with a distinct edge in her voice — I might continue to pay at the previous pace until the balance of the contracted total was paid off. Then and in that event, she said, GMAC would rebate

any excess that might be due me. All of this was stated so briskly, and with so clear an implication that I was being childish, that I accepted it without demur and was glad to hang up the telephone.

Thereafter I made some payments on the prescribed dates, let others pass, and on January 7, 1965, paid in a second lump sum the balance due on the contract (I actually overpaid by \$54, which GMAC refunded at its leisure). In a note with the final check I called attention to the fact that the debt, including the total of interest which would have accrued over the full 36 months of the contract, had now been repaid 10 months ahead of the ordained time.

Simple Arithmetic

As I was trained to expect by then, a hiatus followed. In the four weeks and five days which elapsed without a response, I did a lot of figuring and thinking. All of it proved to be fallacious, but it was educational. Since GMAC had divided the sum of the "principal balance" and the "finance charge" by 36, and so arrived at my monthly payment of \$79.94, I assumed that by dividing each of the same amounts by 36 I could determine the portions of the monthly payments which had applied to interest (\$11.31) and to principal (\$68.63). It therefore seemed reasonable to anticipate a rebate of 10 times \$11.31, or \$113.10, in interest that would have been paid over the final 10 months of the contract period. While I was at it, I divided the amount of the finance charge by the amount of the principal balance and came up with 16.88 percent. If this was the rate of interest over the 36 months, the annual rate appeared to be one-third of it, or a little over 5.6 percent. Fair enough — and there was that \$113.10 coming back to me any day now.

But I fell to fretting: *was* it fair? What about the \$800 paid "to principal" last April? Could it be that in treating it as 10 monthly payments, GMAC had absorbed \$113.10 (the amount of the anticipated rebate, by coincidence) as interest and reduced by that amount the sum which I had explicitly paid against the principal? Could it be, also, that since then I had been paying interest not only on the \$800 but on the \$1,165.71 which supposedly had been repaid against the principal over the previous 17 months (at \$68.63 per month)? If GMAC had knocked \$113.10 off my \$800 and credited \$686.90 of it to principal, it seemed to me that I should then have owed something like \$618 of the initial "principal balance." At 5.6 percent a year, the interest on that amount for the 10 months covered by my \$800 would come to about \$28.85. For the eight months between the \$800 payment and the final payment, it would be a little less. But, counting monthly payments in the interval, I had paid \$148.04 in what I

regarded as interest, *plus* the \$113.10 which I confidently expected to recover in the awaited rebate. Drunk on this arithmetic, I prepared to be injured if GMAC rebated less than \$230.

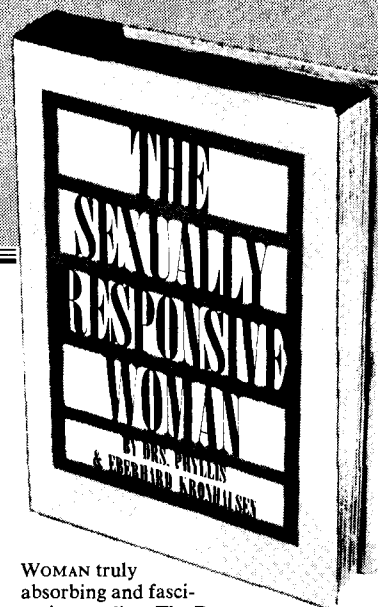
On February 12, 1965, along with a clear title to the Chevrolet and a cheery card certifying that I had established a satisfactory credit rating with GMAC, the rebate check arrived. It was for \$29.60. Being pretty well conditioned by this time, I was more puzzled than outraged. After a pause for inward pacification, I wrote a letter of inquiry to GMAC, setting forth my simple arithmetic and asking a few simple questions. I was aware by then that GMAC's practices were common, no doubt with some variations, to the automobile finance business generally and, more broadly, to other fields of credit, and I said as much in the letter. My main questions were: why the difference between the rebate I had expected, at a minimum, and the one I had received?; how did GMAC calculate the finance charge and the total debt?; and, was it impossible for a debtor to reduce the finance charge with a lump payment in mid-contract unless the entire loan was paid off ahead of the contracted date? I also asked whether GMAC had treated my \$800 as I had been led to believe and, if so, by what authority.

With what I now recognized as dazzling speed, GMAC answered the inquiry precisely two weeks after it was mailed from my office in Washington to its office in Washington. The answer was in the form of a telephone call from a Mr. R. K. Thomas, who identified himself as an assistant manager of GMAC's Washington office. He could not have been nicer, more informative, and more baffling. As will appear, he was a touch baffled himself.

First, he apologized: GMAC had rebated \$55.87 less than it should have. GMAC had mechanized its accounting processes and in handling my \$800 "the machines got a little bit involved." In short, the \$800 had been treated as 10 monthly payments, as the GMAC lady had said it would be, and GMAC had gone back and recalculated it as the lump payment it was only after my questions were received. When I asked Mr. Thomas whether the routine handling of the payment meant that a portion of it had been credited to "interest," rather than to principal as I had directed, we got down to tacks and to the essence of my education.

"We do not use that word 'interest,'" Mr. Thomas said. "We stay away from it." The laws governing interest rates do not necessarily apply to charges called by other names, he said, so GMAC and other finance companies avoid "that word." Also, the tendency of customers such as myself to think in terms of "interest" and "principal" distorts the picture. Once the total debt has been calculated by adding the "finance charge" to the "principal balance," the distinction

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Ralph Waldo Emerson may tell us something of the genius of the age, but we can learn nothing from them of how people whiled away a rainy summer Sunday in the middle of the 19th Century. If we wish to know how this was done we turn to Lydia Sigourney."

Martha Bacon, herself a member of the

family that figures prominently in her pages, demonstrates in her writing the Puritanical virtue of restraint together with the un-Puritanical one of ebullient wit. Her book deserves a permanent place beside Dame Edith Sitwell's *English Eccentrics*. The small detail lights up the whole; the ladies in her frieze shine like fine silver in a Connecticut house.

captured by the Civil Rights movement, while the Bohemian strain in our drama, which previously entered the experimental plays of Eugene O'Neill, the goofy fables of William Saroyan, and the lurid fantasies of Tennessee Williams, is now being cultivated in that fashionable brand of artificial friskiness called "camp."

These two revolutions – the Negro and Sexual (or Homosexual) – are currently supplying the major dialogues of our time, but neither has yet produced a first-rate dramatic work. The tremendous energies behind the Negro's drive for fuller freedom have been poured into an enormous number of militant plays, including those of James Baldwin, Ossie Davis, and Leroi Jones; but for all the nobility of the cause itself, such plays have thus far tended to be self-righteous, melodramatic, and shrill. That strain of violent chauvinism that permeates the more savage Negro organizations seems to find its way unerringly into the theater. Only Martin B. Duberman's *In White America* begins to approach the subtlety and complexity of good drama, and that is a documentary, collated from the letters and speeches of the past. Unless one goes back to O'Neill's *All God's Chillun Got Wings*, it is impossible to find an American play on the subject of race comparable to the power, perception and understanding of the movie, *Nothing But a Man*.

As for the "camp" dramatists, these are often more sophisticated writers, but they are proving much too preoccupied with the exploration of arcane and bizarre experience, as if sexual erraticism were an automatic guarantee of theatrical unconventionality. Then, too, since the stage is many moonshines lag of the novel in frankness, even this issue is cryptically approached and seriously evaded. Such theatrical obfuscation recently led Philip Roth to exclaim, in exasperation over Albee's *Tiny Alice*: "How long before a play is produced on Broadway in which the homosexual hero is presented as a homosexual, and not disguised as an angst-ridden priest, or an angry Negro, or an aging actress, or worst of all, Everyman?" Eric Bentley used to ask similar questions about the missing Communist on our stage, a character invariably disguised as a progressive, an anti-fascist, or a "sympa-

THEATER

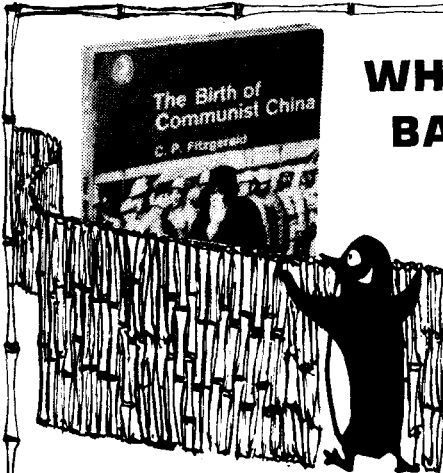
The Two Revolutions

If I have been silent for the last few weeks, I am sure you will understand why: the most significant work our theater has recently been able to produce is a prodigy of total triviality called *The Odd Couple*. Neil Simon, who now churns out these comedy hits regularly, aided by the largely wasted talents of his clever director, Mike Nichols, is being compared in some quarters to George S. Kaufman, but the only thing they have in common is an ear for wisecracks. Kaufman's farces, for all their apparent lightness, were always about something; Simon's plays sometimes promise a subject of interest (in this case, the developing "marital" relationship between two roommates, recently divorced or separated from their wives), but they never deliver anything more than predictable routines. *The Odd Couple* – despite a funny poker game and a fine dour performance by Walter Matthau – looks like, and will no doubt

eventually become, a weekly TV situation series on the order of *I Love Lucy*.

Rather than endure the Trappist discipline for still another week, therefore, I would prefer to take this space for some reflections on the future of the serious American stage – less to exhort it than to describe its possible direction. For it seems to me that American drama, as we have known it, is experiencing a process of radical change, the old forms showing structural fatigue and hardening of the arteries, the new ones struggling for some kind of definition.

In this process, two insurgent movements are beginning to figure prominently – the one racial, the other sexual – linking up with certain movements from the past. The tradition of American political drama, which once found expression in the social realism of Clifford Odets, Lillian Hellman, Arthur Miller, and the revolutionary idealists of the thirties, has now been



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thizer." But it will not be long, I think, before the homosexual hero makes his entrance without his mask. The terrible cultural insecurity of American audiences, coupled with the increasing power of self-appointed tastemakers, has already emboldened the women's magazines and chic weeklies to impose a homosexual style on our culture. This style began in fashions, infiltrated advertising, and then took over the art world and "undeground" movies; it will undoubtedly begin to dominate the theater soon as well.

Were I to attempt a prognosis, then, I would say that the Negro and Sexual revolutions will, in time, determine the two opposing postures of our stage. This is not to say that elements of both styles do not occasionally merge in one work - Baldwin's *Blues for Mr. Charlie*, with its Negro militancy speaking through a sexual chauvinism; Leroi Jones's *The Toilet*, with its homosexual situation stimulating an act of racial

violence; and Albee's *The Death of Bessie Smith*, with its sexual battle superimposed upon a theme of segregation in Southern hospitals - all these suggest an occasional overlap. But, for the most part, each movement is responsible for clearly contrasted expressions, divided according to form, genre, and attitude. Thus, the Negro protest play - like previous protest drama - is essentially realistic, hortatory, affirmative, political, while the Bohemian "camp" play - like much avant-garde drama - is formally experimental, playful, exhibitionistic, pessimistic, personal (or sometimes, as in the case of *The Zoo Story* and *Tiny Alice*, even fake-metaphysical and pseudo-religious). As a matter of fact, these two styles link up not only with two opposing American traditions, but also with the two opposing styles of modern drama since Ibsen and Strindberg: realism and anti-realism.

The important plays of the future

American stage may be created out of one or both of these movements and schools; perhaps, as I am personally more inclined to believe, they will issue from the pen of an artist who remains unattached to movements and independent of schools. O'Neill, we must remember, only began to write masterpieces after he repudiated his various philosophical sources, shook off the influence of Mencken and Nathan, and probed painfully into the secret corners of his past. My prognostications, however, must stop short of prophecy. What seems fairly certain is that the old conflict between the ethical and the aesthetic views of life - between the Politician and the Poet, or the Orator and the Bohemian - is now taking on a new and more contemporary shape, and that the majority of serious American plays will probably be influenced by this conflict for some time to come.

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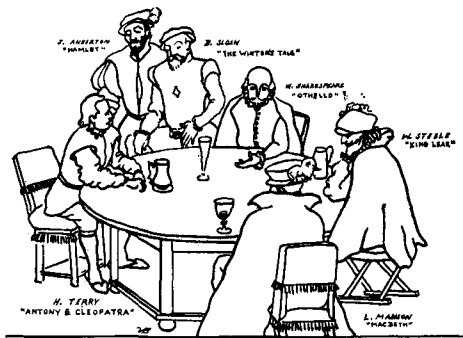
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NRP-1

You Can Never Understand Art Until You Face These Three Truths



1 It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth in what quantities and at what times that usually decides which art works are considered "great," and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of "Type A" men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previously been considered.



2 Imagine that Shakespeare's plays had been written by a number of men (as suggested above) instead of by only one. All the plays "eternally great qualities" would still be there, would they not? And yet, simply because your estimate of how difficult it was to create them had been reduced, your estimate of their greatness would be proportionately reduced. What's difficult to do today may be easy tomorrow.



3 Too many Parthenons. As soon as you admit that an art work can continue being "immortal" only if *certain things don't happen* (such as its being on top of hills everywhere) you are admitting, in effect, that it is not really immortal at all. What counts is its speed of tiring, and how much tiring pressure will be brought against it.

"Art Is Too Important To Kid Yourself About"

those great masses of the people, who, on finding that they are totally unable to respond in the way they inevitably "should," conclude that there is something artistically lacking in themselves, and that they are therefore permanently excluded from art. Don't let yourself be bluffed that way. There's no one best road to take. Men come in an infinite variety of temperaments; and they move ahead by outgrowing art, at higher and higher levels (and the sooner the better) not by stagnating inside it.

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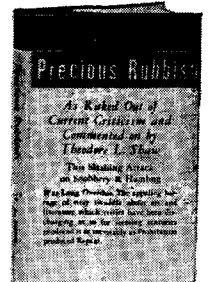
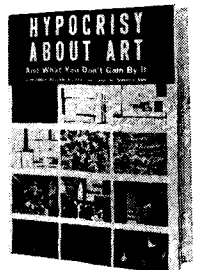
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FILMS

The Irish continue to run in bad luck with films, both those made by them and those about them. As has been noted here before, it seems strange that a people temperamentally so imaginative and histrionic, so many of whom have been gifted in acting and writing, should have had so small an effect on films, directly or in inspiration. Still the best film concerned with

Young Cassidy (M-G-M)
White Voices (Rizzoli)
Joy House (M-G-M)

Ireland is *The Informer*, made 30 years ago by John Ford.

When it was known that the same John Ford was to make a film based on the early autobiography of Sean O'Casey and that the script had been written by the late, truly lamented John Whiting, expectation was naturally high. But Ford had to quit because of bad health, and the picture never quite recovered. It has been directed by Jack Cardiff in a way that reflects his experience and skill as a cameraman, but it does not persuade us that he ought to have changed professions. Much of this color film looks lovely: it conveys the feeling of Dublin as the world's largest village, of the Irish air soft against the cheek, of the Irish countryside lyrical and green. (Good heavens, one can't even *write* about Ireland without sounding Irish.) And there is a strong riot scene between 1916 revolutionaries and mounted police (less reminiscent of O'Casey than *Odessa—Eisenstein's Odessa*). But the bulk of the picture, in script and direction, is simply good fake movie. Much of it is bad fake movie.

It was decided to employ O'Casey's device of the Cassidy persona he created for himself, and this leads eventually to such oddities as an Abbey Theater poster announcing "*Shadow of A Gunman* by John Cassidy." In the title role, Rod Taylor, though a capable and continually improving actor, suggests O'Casey about as much as he suggests Alfred de Musset. Maggie

Smith, the gifted young actress who was Desdemona to Olivier's Othello in London last year, does her delicate best with the stagily self-sacrificing heroine. Flora Robson plays Mother Cassidy a bit absent-mindedly. Julie Christie is one of those spirited streetwalkers who so often walk movieland streets. It is a mystery why so many non-Irish actors were used in important roles; their brogues are never exactly right and are often loosely attached. The moment a genuine Irishman like Harry Brogan opens his mouth, the real poteen of an accent makes the artificial concoctions seem watery.

Aside from its pulpy construction and

content, the picture founders fundamentally on an old barrier: the attempt to use literary genius in action as the core of a story. Writers are always dull people to watch as writers, however great they may be, and no amount of hair clutching or scribbling by lamplight into the dawn, no amount of amazed pleasure by readers ("Cassidy, you're the Irish Dostoevsky!") can ever make a writer's writing convincingly catalytic as drama. Edith Evans, as Lady Gregory, tries to help out by settling down for an unbearably literary chat with Cassidy. Michael Redgrave, rarely a credible actor, is Yeats. If that is really how Yeats looked and sounded, horseman, indeed pass by.

White Voices is an Italian color film about the 18th Century *castrati*, the males who were emasculated and trained as sopranos because a papal edict barred women from the opera



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stage. It is exquisitely costumed, well photographed in Italian palaces and villas, and goes far to prove how little those elements matter, however excellent, if the film lacks cohesion and consistent tone. Like *Seduced and Abandoned*, Germi's recent film on quite another subject, *White Voices* never decides whether it is polished comedy, rampant farce, or a grim view of the social conditions beneath its situation. All three elements recur and recurrently jar one another. One particularly distasteful sequence epitomizes this. Meo, the plebeian hero, has been rude to a Roman prince. The prince seemingly forgives him, invites him to dinner, and then, with guards standing by the lavish table, forces Meo to eat some of the same ordure he had flung at the princely carriage. The scene was seemingly conceived as barbed comedy, is played farcically by Paolo Ferrari, and is basically ugly and disgusting.

The indecision of the writers and directors is emulated by the distributors who, after the press screenings, sent out an announcement of change. In the ending as had been shown, Meo was castrated. That ending has been lopped off, and that is now all that is lopped off. Says the release: "The film now fades out on Meo fleeing to the conservatory determined to submit to castration, his brothers in hot pursuit in an effort to rescue him. Whether Meo reaches his destination is left a question mark." Obediently, so let us leave it.

The question of Jane Fonda's development into an extraordinarily good actress, which I still think quite possible, is beclouded by her poor choice of vehicles. Her latest film to be seen here is an absurd suspense picture called *Joy House*, directed by René Clement, in which Lola Albright and that talented character actor Sorrell Booke are also mired. No summary of the silly plot (set on the Riviera) is needful, but there is one memorable line. Miss Fonda, at the wheel of an open car, speeds along erratically, trying to throw off pursuers. Alain Delon, crouched beside her in apprehension, asks, "Do you drive on the left or the right?" She replies airily, "I drive in the shade."

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

ART

Calder the Pioneer

It is a tribute to the sheer productivity of the man that the Alexander Calder show assembled by the Guggenheim went, when it left New York, to two other museums simultaneously, those at Milwaukee and at Washington University, St. Louis, and will presently move to two more, at Des Moines and Toronto, before being reassembled for a summer and early autumn in the Musée d'Art Moderne, Paris. I was fortunate enough to see both the big show at the Guggenheim and the half show now at Milwaukee and can report that they seemed two separate productions, each utterly enchanting. Partly this is due to the differences between the two buildings. The Frank Lloyd Wright Guggenheim did seem that at long last it had received the art it was made for. Calder created a huge mobile some 35 feet high by 25 across to hang in the great spiral void of the building. Coming down the ramp you were constantly seeing it from a new angle, a new level; you were also seeing it through and in changing relationship to smaller works and seeing them through it. The experience was utterly transporting and you felt that somehow you had got inside a mobile and were walking around in it.

The Eero Saarinen art center in Milwaukee is nowhere near as spectacular as the Wright spiral, but it is obviously a lot easier to operate as an art museum. Its admirable total interior flexibility is used for Calder to reveal the playful intimacy which is a fundamental characteristic of the work: the difference for me was summed up in the normal museum request at the Guggenheim that the visitor not touch the art; at Milwaukee he is asked instead to touch it carefully.

The differences in the two exhibitions also underline the relationship between work by Calder and its surroundings. All art relates to what's around it; this is how interior decorators choose pictures for ladies. But sculpture, occupying three dimensions of space instead of two dimensions of wall, does so more than painting, and Calder's mo-

biles, being extremely open, changing constructions, do so more than other sculpture. While the Guggenheim obviously had all the tiny, intimate pieces that Milwaukee now has, the show came at you as monumental because that's how the building is.

Calder is, of course, a pioneer of motion in sculpture and even of fabricated sculpture as opposed to shaped sculpture. The "O Pioneer" aspect of his work has been overemphasized, however, in a great deal of the discussion about it—inevitably, no doubt, in an art season which is seriously considering kinetic art as an alternative last cry to Op and Pop. Most of what is now called kinetic art has no relationship at all to Calder and in general is a lot more kinetic than it is art. With Calder's mobiles the opposite is true. The classic mobile is an art of balance

in stages. At each stage the additional, or new, member is balanced against all that goes before and is so balanced by the size and weight of the members and by the placement of the connection along the wire. The last factor is extremely important in determining the final look and rhythm of the piece. The balance is so delicate that the slightest movement of air—a person walking through a room, the closing of a door—will set the members moving; but the connections are so free that there is no mechanical repetition of a motion pattern. The members, often, swing slowly in a circular syncopation until the whole is in a movement which is eventually reversed step by step. At the same time a gentle up-and-down movement may, or may not, set itself going. The movement is endlessly varied. But the movement, for all its delight, is never necessary. The mobile can hang alone and stationary without at all seeming a dead thing. Whatever shape it takes in repose, the whole sequence of balances and relationships remains and delights eye and mind. None of this is true of the most recent

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kinetic art. Most of it is powered by motors and most of it is utterly dead when you pull the plug; the only two motorized sculptors that come to mind of whose work this is not true are Len Lye and, of course, José de Rivera. But both men were mature, formed artists long before the present rediscovery of the $\frac{1}{4}$ horsepower motor. Most kinetic stuff jiggles and vibrates around rather like a can of paint being shaken up by one of those machines in hardware stores; occasionally a note of interest is struck, but interest derives chiefly from philosophical reflections about the mechanical age and all that; in any event, when the motor stops so does the art. This is never true of Calder, even in the early, motorized works.

At least a dozen years ago there was a movie about Calder, with a narration by Burgess Meredith, that placed the art of the mobile much more accurately than can be done with reference to kinetics. Not in the commentary, but in the film itself, the picture constantly faded back and forth between mobiles and related motion in nature: to autumn leaves shimmering in the wind, or to rich golden grain taking the wind and returning. There was no attempt to show the structure of the mobile as pre-existing in nature, but the film was completely persuasive about natural movement as the source of Calder's movement. In this view, he appears as the last of the Impressionists, transmuting into art that endures the most ephemeral glimpses of the world in sun and wind.

In New York during the Calder show there were a couple of instructive comparisons available for the student of pioneering. The Guggenheim itself, rather cruelly I thought, occupied its topmost ring with objects by eleven artists from the Reuben Gallery, all considered pioneers of their own generation, the best known probably being Allen Kaprow, the *happeneur*, and Jim Dine, the bathroom man. Fanny Brice once had a marvelous short number in which she sang, to the tom-tom, "Look at me! Look at me! I'm an Indian, I'm an Indian." This captures precisely the pioneer spirit of Kaprow and Dine; the work itself offers nothing at all, is of value only as the alleged blazing of an alleged trail into allegedly unexplored territory in alleged art history.

A few blocks away, toward the end of the Calder show, was another comparison in trail-blazing. Upstairs over Parke-Bernet's auction rooms Cordier & Ekstrom presented a kind of summation of the art of Marcel Duchamp. If you saw the show, as I did, within a day or so of seeing the Calder at the Guggenheim, the sequence reminded you of one of those Anatole France stories constructed on the letter X, in which the sinner becomes a saint and the saint a sinner. Saintliness itself is not involved; Duchamp, indeed, would, by all accounts of people who know him, seem to have become a saint of modern art some years ago. But the Duchamp material began, in a way, where Calder arrived. Duchamp, too, was the last of the Impressionists and that unsuspected phase of his work may be seen in half-a-dozen or so very competent works of some 50 or 60 years ago. He gave it up to become a pioneer in Dada, exercised his ingenuity sufficiently to be regarded this year as the inventor of both Op and Pop, decided he'd done everything he wanted to do and turned from art to chess. The road is from Impressionism to toys and gags to nothing at all, a route completed at just about the time that Calder was moving from toys and gags to an art that is all his own and yet is one with nature and the past.

Duchamp may be a seminal figure for the young, but the hard fact is that he hasn't produced any art in a very long time and the art regarded as seminal is a very mixed lot. The urinal on its side and the sealed flask of authentic Paris air are each in its own way of momentary interest of one kind or another, but you really can't keep looking at them to any purpose.

With Calder, it doesn't really matter that he is a pioneer in the art of movement. The work is beautiful and you can look at it forever.

FRANK GETLEIN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Honor Tracy's newest book is *Spanish Leaves*. William Jay Smith, currently *Poet-in-Residence at the Arena Stage in Washington, D. C.*, is preparing an anthology of modern poetry for children in collaboration with Louise Bogan.

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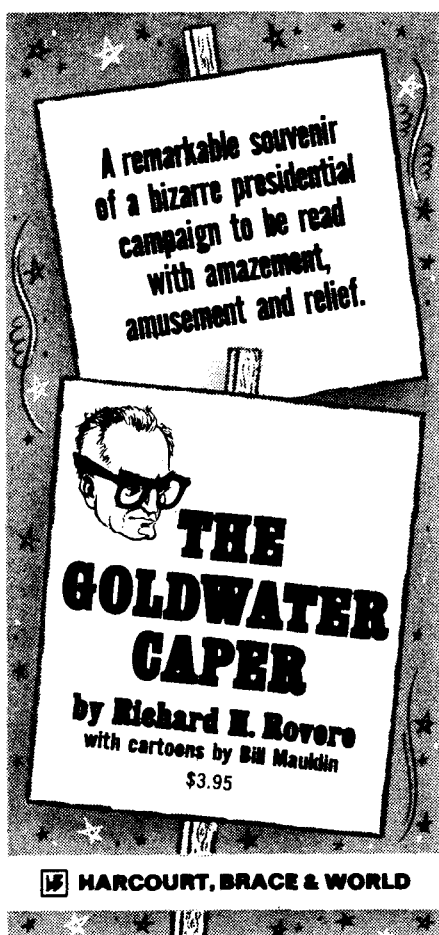
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Four Saints Abridged

Several years ago the New York City Opera—with a grant from the Ford Foundation—put on what it called *Panorama of Opera, USA*, the first of the seasons in which it has continued, with further grants from the Foundation, to offer American operas, old and new, including some especially commissioned with money from the grants. A panorama may include poor works in its documentation of what American composers have done in opera; but it certainly should include the best they have achieved. Actually, however, the New York City Opera's *Panorama* offered a number of variously poor works by Menotti, Blitzstein, Weill, Douglas Moore and Giannini, among others, but none of the few distinguished works achieved in this country: not even Copland's *The Tender Land*, which the company had itself produced in 1954, and neither *Four Saints in Three Acts* nor *The Mother of Us All* by Virgil Thomson. And the company has continued resolutely, season after season, to produce additional new works of no value, and as resolutely not to produce Copland's and Thomson's. One is grateful to RCA Victor, therefore, for reissuing on LM-2756 (mono only) its 1947 recording of an abridged version (made by Thomson himself) of *Four Saints*, with Thomson conducting the excellent soloists (some from the cast of the historic 1934 stage production), chorus and orchestra in a clear and sharp-witted performance. Without the dazzling 1934 staging to claim attention, one gives it entirely to the delightful and moving results of Thomson's method of dealing with the Gertrude Stein text—to the music which separates and differentiates the flat repetitions of a verbal sequence, articulates them, gives them point and structure. One appreciates the humorous effect Thomson achieves now by having the music highlight a Stein verbal incongruity, now by contriving an incongruity of his own between words with little import or weight and music with a great deal; and on the other hand the

moving result of his putting such music to words like the "led, said, wed, dead" sequence. The record produces the excellent sound of the original 78's with only a slight loss of solidity and amplitude.

One can say that the Callas voice—by virtue of its unique timbre and its expressive force—is the predestined voice for the role of Carmen—a role, moreover, that lies within the range in which the Callas voice of today is agreeable to the ear. And in the performance on Angel CLX-3650 (mono) her singing, in its achievement of dramatic expressiveness, is controlled most of the time by her sense for the shape of the musical phrase. There are occasional moments when it escapes this control, and dramatic vehemence distorts not only the shape of the phrase but its coloring; but even with these flaws her performance of the role is the most powerfully and excitingly effective one on records. With it the recording offers the first-rate Don José of Nicolai Gedda, a good Escamillo and acceptable Micaela, and good playing by the Paris Opera Orchestra; and all these may outweigh, for most listeners, Georges Prêtre's occasional questionable and ineffective tempo, which causes me to prefer the earlier Carmen conducted by Beecham, with excellent singing by de los Angeles and Gedda.

The Chaliapin performance, whether of an aria or a song, was a dramatic representation, in which the music was treated as a mere accessory to the dramatic operation, usually with distortions of phrase and tempo. Sometimes the result was impressively effective, as in Musorgsky's *Song of the Flea and Trepak*, or "La calunnia" from *The Barber of Seville*, on Angel COLH-141 (mono only); sometimes it was terrible, as in the hammed-up "Le veau d'or" and Mephistopheles' Serenade from *Faust*, on this record. From the accurate sound of Chaliapin's voice it is evident that the engineers were content to transfer the 78's to LP with little or no electronic improvement.

Their similar forbearance is evident,

fortunately, in the accurate sound of the piano on which, on Angel COLH-65 (mono only), Artur Schnabel plays Beethoven's Variations Op. 34 and Op. 35 (*Eroica*) and a few small pieces. Though the variation procedure was for Beethoven a major expressive medium—one which yielded the great variation movements of the Sonatas Opp. 109 and 111 and the *Diabelli Variations*—the Op. 34 set is one of its musically uninteresting products, which holds fascinated attention nevertheless on this record with the way Schnabel plays it—the unique melodic legato, the sensitive articulating and outlining of phrase, the grace. In the Op. 35 set, on the other hand, Beethoven's manipulation of the two initially insignificant bits of thematic material—out of which he later constructed the finale of the *Eroica* Symphony—produces this time individual variations of lyric beauty or dramatic force that add up to a work impressively large-scale in structure and expressive content.

Angel also has begun to issue the single records with Schnabel's performances of Beethoven's 32 sonatas that were put out as a set a year ago. COLH-51 has Op. 2 Nos. 1 and 2; COLH-52 Op. 2 No. 3 and Op. 7. I wouldn't use the Op. 2 sonatas to persuade someone of Beethoven's greatness; but the Sonata in E-flat Op. 7 might interest him. And whereas the engineers did an imperfect transfer of Op. 2 No. 1 and a bad one of No. 2, Op. 7 is reproduced accurately.

What I have been waiting for is an LP reissue of Schnabel's incomparable performance of Beethoven's *Diabelli Variations*; and having heard nothing about it I urge readers to write to Angel requesting it.

In the performances of Mozart's Piano Quartets K.478 and 493 by Horszowski and members of the Budapest Quartet, on Columbia ML-6083, the first violin's tone is so unpleasant that I advise acquiring instead the performance of K.478 by Schnabel and members of the Pro Arte Quartet on Angel COLH-42, and the performance of K.493 by Istomin, Stern, Katims and Mischa Schneider on Columbia ML-5237.

Richter's sensitive playing is insufficiently audible behind the tonally less attractive and musically less distinguished playing of Rostropovich, in their performances of all of Beetho-

ven's sonatas for cello and piano on Phillips PHM-2-250 and PHS-2-920.

Prokofiev's unfamiliar Symphony No. 3 and Suite from the ballet score *Le Pas d'Acier*—performed well by Abrahamovitch with the Utah Symphony on Vanguard VRS-1122 and VSD-71122—I don't find interesting.

And Prokofiev's engaging Symphony No. 5 is, I think, paced more effectively by Ansermet in his performance with L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande on London CM-9406 and CS-6406, than by Kletzki in his performance with the Philharmonia on Angel 36227 (mono).

B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

Boston's South End

Sirs:

Joan Colebrook's article "Boston's South End: Land of the White Hunter," (March 6) gives people the wrong impression of the city of Boston, the "cradle of liberty" and "hub of education." I hope *The New Republic* will correct this misconception of Boston by printing an article more sympathetic to the city's drive for slum clearance.

Moishe Goldman
Dorchester, Mass.

Besides being a-factual, inane, In-istic and somewhat silly, Joan Colebrook's article about Boston's South End added little more to the knowledge or understanding of the problem of black prostitution and white hunters than did John Glover's *Kitten*. At least Glover was honest enough to admit to a spoof, without pretending to any great social criticism. However, all such pieces of writing would seem to me to miss the point. We all are aware of the problems of black prostitutes, pimps, junkies, alckies, etc., and the oppressive forces within the country that create such people and keep them there. However, little has been said by Miss Colebrook. . . . *The New Republic* or the white liberal press generally about the mysterious need of white suburban hunters to flock into the Negro areas of the core cities in the nation and to cling to these black prostitutes with such naked fury under cover of darkness that, in order to cover the nakedness

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of their need, they must reject us all during the daylight. Even less has been said about the apparently horrid conditions of their home lives in suburbia and their conceptions of themselves that force them out, in their long, new cars, and into the ghettos. Little has been said, either, about the white power structure in the city halls that has done nothing to prosecute these hunters, nor about the white liberal press that is mysteriously myopic about the issue. As a black Bostonian, I protest, and recommend that Miss Colebrook (and *The New Republic*) might serve a more useful purpose by taking a close look at some of her white neighbors in Cambridge and other suburbs and discover the sordid nature of the lives of the men who support the black prostitutes. . . .

Judith Coleman
Roxbury, Mass.

Since I was a resident student for one-and-one-half years in a settlement house located in the South End of Boston I read your article "Boston's South End" with anticipation. However, after completing it I had a taste of disgust in my mouth. Miss Colebrook gives a distorted view of the South End. In fact I detect a bit of racial bias in it. Nowhere in the article does she mention the excellent work carried out by the settlement houses, other social welfare agencies and the churches which represent various denominations. There are programs for the aged and the delinquents. There are home improvement neighborhood committees. There is a children's art school and an employment bureau for drop-outs. These are just a few of the programs offered there. They have met with success. The change is slow but it is a change for the better.

In all fairness to the South End a comparison article should be written expressing the good elements of this area.

Greg Stasiewicz
Boston, Mass.

... An ad in a previous issue announced the title of this article as, "The Ghetto of Crime—Joan Colebrook on the South End of Boston," which seems to be a better representation of the subject under discussion than "White Hunter."

Instead of engaging in the old cliché of guilt-hiding by an exposition of prostitution, pimping, dope pushing, and racketeering, Colebrook could have made a more significant contribution by focussing on the "White Hunters" who demand poverty and support deviance in the South End of Boston.

Gaylan Barton
Tom Rose
Boston, Mass.

I can't help but wince at the image of Miss Joan Colebrook embarking upon on-the-spot research for her "Boston's South End" article with a copy of *Shame of the Cities* neatly tucked under her arm. It would seem to be equivalent to an undercover "plant" in a penitentiary carrying about a copy of a book on law enforcement. The authenticity of the facts given to Miss Colebrook by her various informants under such conditions seems to me to be very much in question therefore—it may be that they were just trying to "put her on." Enough said.

Mark-Alan Winthrop Kalish
Berkeley, California

Joan Colebrook's description of the "Land of the White Hunter" makes fascinating reading. No doubt many wide-eyed readers living in the Boston area will make a bee-line for the South End in hopes that they too may converse with Clara, Rudolf, and the other picturesque inhabitants of Miss Colebrook's report.

I think it unfair, however, that the article be entitled "Boston's South End." The shadowy cafes, the hooded vicemen that emerge in the article have a universal quality that transcends anything unique to the South End. Perhaps it was not Miss Colebrook's intent to work objectively with the total realities of life in that enormously complicated community or even to deal in any statistical manner with its readily available crime and vice. In any case her story is made up of a series of literary encounters with Runyonesque characters, one of whom, the small boy running up and down stairs yelling "spikes," is an import from Harlem.

It is unfortunate that the author could not have said something about other aspects of the neighborhood which, while providing less kicks than the South End Cafe, are nonetheless of

considerable significance. It's too bad that she couldn't have talked in more than a phrase about the negotiations for urban renewal that have been going on in the community, a process in which that worn chestnut, "planning with people" can honestly be said to mean something, or about the creative anti-poverty program that will accompany renewal, or about the attempts of local churches and settlement houses to promote low-income housing by rehabilitating the old brownstones in the area.

The South End is a fascinating place, holding, as Miss Colebrook says, "within its shabby embrace many respectable families." I'm sorry that when the neighborhood gets a chance for national publicity it can be represented only by the phantasmagoric universe of that author's literary eye and pen.

For Bostonians the basis of Miss Colebrook's vice-ridden land is old stuff. What's really news about the South End is the scope of current efforts to do something about the area's problems.

Langley C. Keyes, Jr.
Cambridge, Mass.

As a long time subscriber to *The New Republic* and as a resident of Boston's South End I protest Joan Colebrook's article on my neighborhood.

The existence of prostitution and its dehumanizing effect on its practitioners has been the subject of sensational journalism and exposés from *Fanny Hill* to *Confidential*. That subject has no more to do with Boston than with any other US or foreign city.

There is a story in the South End—perhaps several of them. It is an area which is trying to unslum itself and with the help of Boston's dynamic urban renewal program may succeed. It is an area where a vital Negro leadership is attempting to reawaken the conscience of a traditionally liberal and sympathetic community to its aspirations and needs—where Noel Day ran for Congress against John McCormack and Melvin King ran for school committee against Louise Day Hicks. It is home for many of the city's elderly poor who pose serious challenges to our society.

Robert F. Corliss
Boston, Mass.

Joan Colebrook has clearly been taken in. Intelligence and wit alone are needed to tell someone what he wants to hear. The stimulation of polymorphous sex, alcohol, narcotics, music and dim light leads to obvious dramatization and braggadocio. Only the "squares" take these stories for fact or try to analyze them—stories of my sad childhood, how I went wrong, how well I'm doing, etc.

Even through the moral filter, these bizarre colors and frenzied sounds, nevertheless, seem vibrant beside the washed-out middle class morality of social workers and the crass burp of the urban renewal real-estate increment mentality. And the author's moan about "nihilism and rootlessness" made no sense to me. I grew up on an Ohio farm, and the only things there with roots were vegetables. The greatness of the mentality of those whom Colebrook describes is that they have found a way of life without "roots," and some of them might, just perhaps, enjoy it. Perhaps theirs is the course of the future?

Charles Shively
Cambridge, Mass.

In reply . . .

I would like to make separate answers to the individual critics of my article "The White Hunter." To the writer who describes Boston as "the cradle of liberty," and the "hub of education," I would say that had the Negro had a just share of that "liberty" and that "education," his situation in Boston would be better than it now is. This is not to suggest that no advances have been made—but to urge greater ones. It must also be added that until the Negro has such a share, slum clearance will not better his lot (and "slum clearance," by the way, is not *always* "slum clearance").

To the student of social work, I must protest that the article was not written in order to undervalue churches or social agencies, but rather to stress that what takes place each night when (to quote myself) "the legitimate life ebbs away, locks its doors, retires into neighborhood meetings, or goes home to other parts of the city" is scarcely affected by the daily activities of social agencies and churches. Some few are affected—but the organized rackets go on. For that matter one does not need to wait until nighttime. This life is

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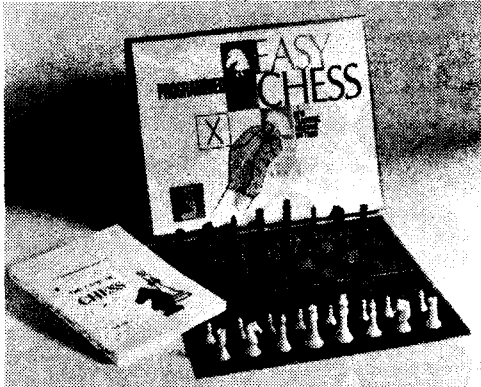
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As for the several critics who take—oddly enough—the view that the article is anti-Negro, or anti-white: I sympathize with their dilemma, but insist that it clearly comments upon a weakness of *both* races—white and black—and that it especially suggests an urgent need for more measures to protect teen-age Negro girls (as well as white) from early exploitation, addic-

tion, and victimization—just as it implies in this traffic, the fatal cooperation of certain members of the white race. My original piece was longer and somewhat cut on publication—but briefly as it is stated, it is interesting that it has earned the uneasiness of members of both races. It seems especially illogical of Miss Coleman, to state that an article entitled "The White Hunter," demonstrates the myopia of the white liberal press! Apart from all else—surely the name itself suggests less than blindness!

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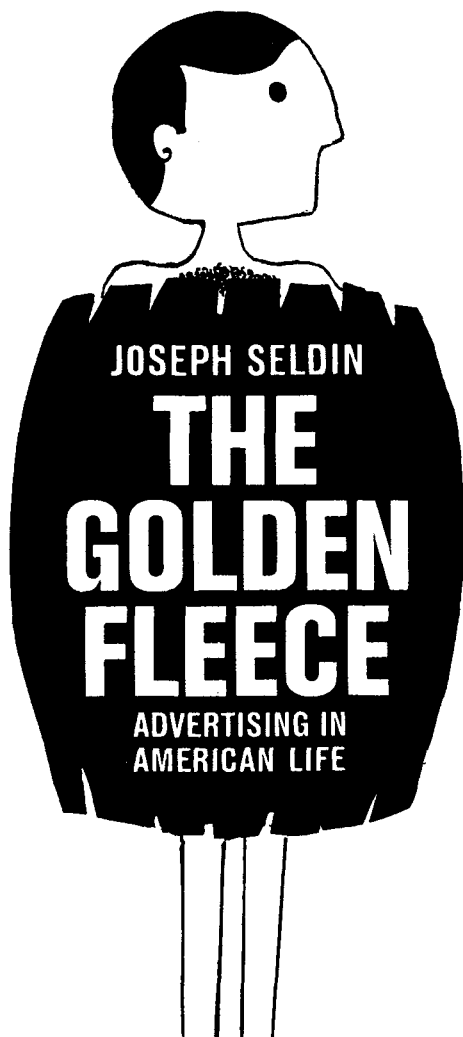
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